

Royal CAPTIVE.

A TRAGEDY.

By JOHN MAXWELL,
Being Blind.



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Dramatis Personæ.

A J A X, *King of Sparta.*

A L B E R T U S, *Brother to the King.*

P A R A N S U S, *Favourite to the King.*

S E R A P S I S, *Favourite to the Prince.*

T A R A S C U S, *Captain of the Guards.*

M A C I L L I U S, *an Epirot.*

A Gentleman.

A Messenger.

M A N D A N A, *The Captive Princess.*

E L I Z A, *An Attendant on M A N D A N A.*

The S C E N E S P A R T A



ACT the First, Scene the First.

Enter MANDANA and ELIZA.



M A N D A N A.

THRICE has the Sun finish'd his Yearly Course,
And thrice has Nature pour'd fresh Blessings forth,
Since I have lost a Father and a Crown.

E L I Z A.

Why, Madam, should you thus afflict yourself,
And waste your blooming Beauty thus in Tears?
For, sure, the PRINCE, He loves You.

M A N D A N A.

Loves Me !

Ah ! That it is that makes these Tears to flow,
I know thee faithful, and I'll trust thy Faith.
The Night, in which the King my Father suffer'd,
He lent for me ; and, with a close Embrace,
Press'd me within his feeble aged Arms,
Then said, MANDANA, *I have sent for thee*
To take a long Farewell : But e'er I go,
Let me conjure thee, by thy Love and Duty,

That, when I'm dead, and left thee here in Mis'ry,
 Under a Tyrant, in his Nature vicious,
 Perhaps thy blooming Beauty and thy Youth
 May fire his Heart with an unruly Passion ;
 And he may tempt thee with the Charms of Liberty
 To some foul Act of Shame--- You guess my Meaning---
 Swear then, MANDANA, that thou'll ne'er consent
 (Tho' he should court thee to his Throne and Bed)
 To match with him, or any of his Race.
 To this I swore ; and the unhappy Prince,
 Being ign'rant of the solemn Vow I made,
 Thinks me ungrateful when I am but just.
 This, this it is that tears my bleeding Heart !
 For I can ne'er consent to his Desires :
 So we must both be ever wretched.

E L I Z A.

O fatal Vow, unfortunately sworn !
 But, Madam, knew the King the Prince's Passion
 Before he died ?

M A N D A N A.

No ; nor had I then e'er seen the Prince :
 But, afterwards, He, hearing of my Grief,
 Mov'd with Compassion, came to visit me :
 And when I wept, wou'd mingle Tears with mine ;
 And in in soft Murmurs tell my Soul he lov'd.
 But what's all this to me ? For I have sworn ;
 And sure my Vow is register'd in Heav'n ;
 So must not break it, tho' it undo us both.
 But hark, *Eliza* ! that loud Shout proclaims
 The King is near : I wou'd not meet him now.

Exeunt.

Enter the PRINCE and SERAPSI.

Now, my *Serapsis*, now we are alone,
I will disclose the Cause of all my Grief.
I fear the King my Brother loves *Mandana*.
Long have I fear'd it ; but this very Day
Receiv'd convincing Proofs my Fears are true.

S E R A P S I S.

Loves *Mandana* ! that's impossible.
You know his Contract with the fair *Semandra*.

P R I N C E.

Mistake me not : I do not think the Flame
Of LOVE burns bright in him as in *Albertus*.
But this I know, her Charms have fired his Soul,
That if 'tis possible he will enjoy Her.
Tho' cold to me, and deaf to all my Pray'rs ;
Yet can I not think any other shou'd
Ever enjoy those Charms, and yet be calm.

S E R A P S I S.

Dismiss those Fears : You know the Princess' Virtue
Will ne'er submit to any Thing so base.

P R I N C E.

I know her Virtue equals that of Cloysters ;
But when I'm gone, who knows but in the midst
Of an unbounded Passion, he may be lost
To every Check of Reason ; -- that sad Thought
Tortures my bleeding Heart ; but let us haste
To find the lovely Mourner, and attempt,
If possible, to make our Parting calmer.

Exeunt.

The

The Scene changes to a dark Grove.

Enter MANDANA and ELIZA.

M A N D A N A.

See, see, *Eliza*, there's the gloomy Mansion !
Where is interr'd the Ashes of my Father !
Ah ! how did *Media*, my unhappy Country,
Rejoice when chear'd with thy indulgent Sway !
Peace stretch'd her Dove-like Reign from Shore to Shore,
And Plenty flourish'd ; none cou'd e'er complain
Of foul Oppression, or Injustice done.
The Widow and the helpless Orphan bless'd Thee.
All tasted of the Blessings of thy Reign,
And Goodness sure like Thine must meet Reward.

Enter the PRINCE.

P R I N C E.

Still, my afflicted Charmer ! flow, these Tears ?
Waste not these precious Drops, the Sight of which
Wou'd soften savage Breasts to shew Remorse,
And melt cruel *Ajax* into Pity.

M A N D A N A.

Had he a Heart like You, these streaming Tears
Wou'd have prevail'd with him to've sav'd my Father :
Which had he spar'd, how wou'd my Soul have blest him !
And who knows but e'er this, full ripe with Years,
Heav'n might have taken back the Life it gave,
And spar'd me all this Grief, and him the Guilt.

P R I N C E.

O had it been within my Pow'r to've sav'd
That Royal Head, Distress had never reach'd him :
For, O believe me, Fair One ! my pure Love

With

With Ease had borne your Father's cruel Death,
If possible to've yielded you Relief.

M A N D A N A.

Far be it from me, my Lord, to think you guilty
Of such foul Crimes, whose Mind is stor'd with Virtue ;
And but for YOU my Father, un-intomb'd,
Expos'd to rav'nous Beasts and Birds of Prey
Had been ; for which good Act, may gracious Heav'n
Show'r on your Head the choicest of its Blessings :
And when I e'er forget to own such Goodness,
May it forget me in my greatest Need.

P R I N C E.

Thou wond'rous Maid how does thy Goodness charm me !
Permit me then thus on my Knees to ask
One small Request before I leave you.

M A N D A N A.

Leave me ! What means my Lord ?

P R I N C E.

Yes, my Fair ! my Honour and my Country
Call me hence, and send me forth in Arms
To fight its Cause with cruel Enemies,
That would destroy its Peace ; but, e'er I go,
Let me conjure you, by your Virgin Softness,
That you will pity me, and say you love.

M A N D A N A.

Rise, my Lord ; and what with Modesty
A Maid may give ; that, Sir, I give you
If Pray'rs are serviceable, mine all are your's
This, Sir, is all is in my Power to give.

P R I N C E.

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P R I N C E.

O my *Mandana*, if the poor *Albertus*
Was ever so happy to be worth a Thought,
Look on his Sufferings, and be not thus, thus cruel !

(*MANDANA turns from him, and weeps.*)

Am I not worth a Look ? Sure, this is Scorn.
Yet hear me, Madam, hear me but a Moment,
And then this hated Thing no more shall trouble you !

M A N D A N A.

Stay, *Albert*, stay ; let me unfold my Heart.
You call me barbarous, cruel and unkind :
But let these falling Drops of Sorrow witness
How much you wrong me ; for e'er since the Time
I first beheld you, Pleasure seiz'd my Heart,
And whispers constantly it must be Love.

P R I N C E.

Then I am happy.

M A N D A N A.

My Lord, I beg you'll let not this deceive you :
For tho' I love, I never can be your's.

P R I N C E.

O speak not Comfort and Despair at once.
Say rather that you ever will be mine.
Say, What shall hinder since *Mandana's* kind ?
If She, consenting, bids me but be blest'd,
Is there a Pow'r on Earth shall snatch you from me ?
What tho' the King do love ; for O too well
I know his guilty Flame ; yet fear not, Madam.

M A N D A N A.

That's not my Grief, tho' tis of fatal Consequence.
Nor can I think of it without great Horror :

But

But O there is a far more fatal Cause,
Which tells me we must e'er be wretched,
Farewel ; and if you ever hope to please *Mandana*,
Be careful of your Life ; and O remember
'Tis Me implores it of you :

*Who for your Suff'ring feels a gen'rous Pain,
Resolv'd, with Patience, calmly to sustain
Whatever Providence thinks fit to ordain.* }

EXEUNT MANDANA & ELIZA.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T the Second.

Enter the KING and PARANSUS.

K I N G.

O Nce more I'll try by gentle Means, *Paransus*,
To court her Smiles, and win her to my Arms :
But if she will be obstinately bent
'Gainst all Intreaty, and with sullen Pride
Repel my Suit ; I henceforth am resolv'd
To treat her with more Harshness.

P A R A N S U S.

O cou'd you hold so firm a Resolution :
But, pray, forgive me, if I doubt you, Sir :
For now the mourning Princess is not here
With all her Charms adorn'd : And shou'd she still
Deny the Boon you crave, and you resolve
To punish all her Scorn ; if she but weep,
She melts your best Resolves with her soft Tears,
And turns you all to Pity. B KING.

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K I N G.

O *Paransus* ! wou'd she but be kind,
And bleis these longing Eyes with her fair Smiles,
I cou'd, I think, at least I cou'd---

P A R A N S U S.

What, Sir ?

K I N G.

Marry her.

P A R A N S U S.

Cherish not such a Thought.

K I N G.

What, my *Paransus* ! is she not a Princess,
Sprung from a Race as Royal as My Self ?

P A R A N S U S.

That I grant you ; but think, Sir, think, I-beg you,
Of the Contract ; and better 'twere you cou'd forget
This Passion : But since I fear that can't be,
Why stand you so long trifling with your Slave ?
But, see, she comes.

K I N G.

Retire, *Paransus*.

[*PARANSUS* exit.

K I N G. Enter MANDANA, weeping.

So shines the Sun when crystal Show'rs descend !
Languid and faint a-while its Lustre seems ;
But soon the Drops dispell'd, and it resumes
Its wonted Brightness, shining forth again
With all its radiant Beams to chear Mankind.

M A N D A N A.

My Lord, *Paransus* told me that your Order
Was, I shou'd attend you here.

K I N G.

I sent for you to chide you, my *Mandana*.

But who can chide that views those beauteous Eyes,
And hears that moving Tongue, whole *mournful* Sweetness
Wou'd melt the hardest Heart to gentle Mercy.

M A N D A N A.

Sure it is lately that I gain'd such Pow'r :
Else why was Great *Antiochus* dethren'd ?
Why did He bleed, and why am I an Orphan ?
You told me, Sir, you sent for me to chide :
What have I done should thus deserve your Anger ?
For I am ignorant of any Crime,
And beg to know if any mighty Woe
Is yet in Store for my devoted Head,
Than I have yet endured ?

K I N G.

No, you mistake me ; banish all your Fears :
Dry up your Tears ; these Features were not made
For haggard Grief ; if you serenely smile,
Greatness and Glory wait to crown thy Wishes.

M A N D A N A.

My humble Wishes, Sir, soar not so high.
A Cloyster or a Grave wou'd suit me better.
Grief has so long ravag'd o'er my sad Heart,
That I've forgot all Sense of Earthly Joys :
As some poor Wretch, stript of the Sweets of Life,
Seeks out some lonely Cell to hide his Head
From Day-Light and afflicting Wretchedness ;
So my poor Soul, bow'd down with galling Mis'ry,
Abhors all Pomp and Greatness.

K I N G.

The Reason why thy Nature loaths all Pleasure,
Is but because thou hast so long refrain'd them.

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So the sick Wretch, while tortur'd with his Pain,
Abhors all wholesome Food, 'till, by Degrees,
His Strength returns, and he at last enjoys
A perfect Sente of all that's fair and good :
So will *Mandana*. Then, my Charmer ! ask ;
Ask whatloe'er thou wilt ; for all within my Pow'r
Is freely Thine.

M A N D A N A.

In vain, my Lord, you tempt my Soul with Greatness.
In vain I say it is, since it is deaf ;
Deaf to its Charms, and deaf to all its Glory.
You bid me ask ; but nothing's worth my Suit,
Since Great *Antiochus* is now no more !
And I am tumbled from the Height of Empire
To abject Slav'ry, and my wretched Country
Groaning in sad Captivity, and I their helpless Queen
Unable to redress their Grievances !
Then cease, my Lord, forbear to mock my Woe,
And give me Leave to vent my swelling Sorrows
In some sad Desert, where the Savages,
Who, when they hear my Complaints, and view my Tears,
Sooner wou'd change their Natures to Remorse,
Than cruel *Ajax* will be mov'd to Pity.

K I N G.

Now by those Eyes that dart their scorching Fires
Into my Soul, you wrong me in accusing me
For Want of Pity and Redressing Wrongs.
Have I not bid you ask whate'er you will ?
Why do you then forbear ? For has not He,
Who took your Crown, Pow'r to restore't again ?
All which I promise, bless me with your Love.

M A N D A N A.

M A N D A N A.

That is impossible : I have no Pow'r
To give : nor you, Sir, to receive.
Think what the fair *Semandra* then would say,
Whose only Right it is ?

K I N G.

Why let her take the ceremonial Part,
And reign with me in State, while my *Mandana*
Rules Sov'reign of my Soul.

M A N D A N A.

And shall not our Amours be quickly printed ?
Say, shall they not, to grace some Wanton's Closet,
Where every gilded Page shall there unfold
In lively Characters *Mandana's* Shame ?
Think not I'd purchase Greatness at such Price ?
Or think'st thou that I poorly lost my Virtue
With my imperial State ? What th' by Force
I'm held a Captive by thy lawless Power,
Yet shall the Mind be free 'midst Chains and Bondage.

K I N G.

Take Care how you provoke my Wrath too far :
Such Language does not suit with your Condition.
You may blow up my Anger to that Height,
That it may vent its Fury on your Head,
And crush you like an Insect in the Dust.
But yet be kind, and this is all forgotten.

M A N D A N A.

Ah me ! 'till now I could not be assur'd
I was compleatly wretched ? Was't for this,
For this you sent for me to hold base Parley
With me for my Honour ? Come back, come back
Ye

Ye Hours of Grief and Horror! All come back,
 And bring to his Remembrance my sad Country!
 Her Sons all slain, her Matrons stain'd with Blood!
 Her Daughters ravish'd! View that Scene of Woe,
 And tell me, if it does not chill thy Blood,
 And banish from thy Heart all Thoughts of Love.

K I N G.

Ungrateful Maid! And am I thus rewarded?
 This the Return you make my proffer'd Kindness?
 Know you I am your Conqu'ror, who thus deigns
 To beg that Favour he may take by Force?
 Consider this, I say, and mend your Speech.

M A N D A N A.

Know Thee! Yes, Tyrant, too too well:
 Yet flatter not thy self, proud Man! with the vain Hopes
 I e'er will yield me to thy loath'd Embrace.
 Rather than Guilt should so weigh down my Soul,
 I'll struggle with Misfortunes, Chains or Death,
 'Till freed at length, and soaring 'bove the Stars,
 I may behold thee groveling here below,
 'Till, hurried headlong by thy deep Despair,
 Thou plunges down into eternal Misery.

K I N G.

I'll hear no more. Who waits there?

[Enter Guards.

Seize her, and forthwith drag her to a Dungeon.
 There let her howl away her wretched Life,
 And groan to be forgiven; yet hold, I charge you,
 Still content.

M A N D A N A.

Rage on, rage on, 'till thou dost burst thy Spleen:
 For there is Musick in those threatening Sounds.

Bring

Bring forth the Rack to torture and disjoint me,
 Still thou shalt see that Virtue has a Charm
 To make me bear it all without a Groan.
 Posterity will wonder when they read
 To hear how mighty *Ajax* in his Fury
 Tortur'd a helpless Maid.

K I N G.

Death! she mocks me! What, ho! within there?

[Enter *PARANSUS*.]

Here, take this proud, this scornful Beauty;
 Strip her of all her Princely Ornaments;
 Then turn her out a Beggar to the World,
 To seek her wretched Sustenance in vain,
 'Till, by her Sufferings, she is taught to know
 What 'tis to scorn a Conqueror's proffer'd Love.
 Hence with her from my Sight, I charge you.

[Guards carry off *MANDANA*.]

K I N G.

Now, my *Paransus*! think'st thou, ha'nt I conquer'd?

P A R A N S U S.

Your Majesty, indeed, hath much deceiv'd me.

K I N G.

Haste, *Paransus*, hie thee to the Temple,
 And bid the Priests prepare for Marriage Rites:
 This Night I'll revel in *Semandra's* Arms,
 And quite forget *Mandana* e'er had Charms.

Exeunt.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

ACT the Third.

Enter KING and PARANSUS.

KING.

SO soon return'd ; and did'st thou say victorious ?

PARANSUS.

So writes *Verfillius* ; the Enemy o'erthrown ;
And farther adds, they'll reach the City, Sir,
Before 'tis Noon.

KING.

Now by the Joys I've felt by conq'ring Arms,
By all the Transports Victory e'er brought me ;
I swear This brings me none ; nay, I lament it.

PARANSUS.

Why, my good Lord ?

KING.

Art thou so dull, *Paranus* ? Thou well knows
My Brother's Love to the fair captive Princess :
Think then when he returns, returning finds
The dearest Thing he ever priz'd on Earth
Disgrac'd, turn'd out, abandon'd to the World ;
Not that I care or value what he suffers.
But then thou know'st how much the Soldiers love him.
And shou'd he, as I fear he may, resent it ;
It then may prove of fatal Consequence.
Advise what shall be done. Where wanders now
The mournful Fair ? Say, how did she take
Her cruel Banishment ?

PARANSUS.

With all the Patience of a dying Saint.
Sometimes a Tear stole from her beauteous Eyes ;
And

And now and then a Sigh wou'd heave her Breast.
The giddy Croud, who often flout at Mis'ry,
Gather'd around her, mocking at her Sufferings :
But she made no Reply, but pass'd along ;
And begg'd of Heav'n to pardon their Offence.
But where she wanders now, I am not certain.

K I N G.

O thou has touch'd me with this sad Relation !
I had repented e'er I heard the News
Of his Return. Haste then, I charge thee, haste
To find the lovely Wanderer, and tell her
The KING repents : Tell her I only meant
To try her Constancy, and that I now
Admire and praise her Virtue. Say what'er
Thou think'st may appease her. Move her to return :
For 'tis expedient that it should be so ;
First, that my Brother may have no Pretence ;
And more, that I may gratify my Love.

P A R A N S U S.

My Lord, I shall obey you. [Exeunt.]

The Scene changes to a Plain before the City.

Enter MANDANA ; follow'd by ELIZA, weeping.

M A N D A N A.

Why weeps *Eliza* ? Sure the Tyrant's Rage
Reaches not *THEE* ! Then leave me, my *Eliza* !
To tread alone the unknown Path of Sorrow,
'Till Death shall kindly fold me in his Arms,
And put an End to all my Misery.

E L I Z A.

O Madam, do not thus unkindly wound me,
To think I e'er can lessen that Esteem

I always bore you. No Vicissitude
Of Fortune e'er can alter my Affection.
My greatest Happiness has been to serve you.

M A N D A N A.

Thank thee, *Eliza*, I will toil no farther.
This Bank of Turf sufficiently will serve [*Sits down.*
To rest my wearied Limbs. When I am dead,
As soon I surely shall be, my *Eliza*,
I charge thee lay my Ashes by my Father.
And as thou wraps me in the peaceful Grave,
Mix with my Earth one tender Tear at Parting.
But let it be a Tear of Joy, I charge thee,
To think how bravely I withstood the Tyrant,
And am at Rest for ever.

E L I Z A.

Talk not of dying, when your *Albert* comes
To cheer you ; for 'tis said he comes victorious.

[*Enter the PRINCE and SERAPHS.*

P R I N C E.

Amazement ! Sure that's the Princess !
O no, it cannot be ; and yet that bright
Resemblance speaks it so. Speak, answer me,
If yet thou'st Reason left ; for much I doubt
My own. Say, Is not that *Mandana* ?

M A N D A N A.

Be not surpriz'd, my Lord, to see me here.
I am that wretched Thing the lost *Mandana* ;
Who, 'Spite of all her Mis'ry and Pain,
Still finds a Beam of Joy dart on my Soul,
To find You safe return'd.

P R I N C E.

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P R I N C E.

'Tis she ; it is the beauteous, lovely, charming Fair !
But say, how comes this most unnat'ral Change ?

MANDANA.

It is your Brother's Kindness ; 'cause I wou'd not
Yield to his base Desires, he's banish'd me
To roam a vagrant Life about the World.
But, since, he's sent *Paransus* to inform me,
That he repents ; but much I fear 'tis feign'd.

[Weeps.

P R I N C E.

Dry up the watry Sluices of thy Eyes.
This wounds me more than wou'd the Drops of Blood
Run trickling from my Heart. But, ha ! the King !

[Enter KING and PARANSUS.

K I N G.

Where is this fair wrong'd Innocence ? O where ?
Shew me that I may prostrate my self
Low as the Earth, and groan to be forgiven.

[Kneels to MANDANA.

As to offended Heaven poor Mortals kneel
When they are sensible of their Offence ;
So, now, behold me groveling at your Feet.
Ah ! look and view me with an Eye of Mercy !
Forgive the rude O'erflowing of my Passions,
Which quite o'er-rul'd and hurried me from Reason.

MANDANA.

Rise, my Lord ; and may All-gracious Heav'n
Pardon all your Offence as I forgive you.

[The King, rising, sees the Prince.

C 2

K I N G.

K I N G.

My Brother! Come to my Arms, thou bravest best of Men!
How does it joy my Soul to see thee here!
To see thee safe return'd! Why frowns my *Albert*?
Speak. Art thou not well, my dearest Friend?

P R I N C E.

Have I not Reason, Sir?
Is this the kindly Welcome that you bring?
This the Return for all my Toil in War?
Whilst I but one poor Blessing left at home,
On which my future Happiness depends;
And to be used thus cruelly by You!

K I N G.

Nay, I will own I have been to blame:
But since the Princess Goodness has forgiven,
I hope my Brother will not be displeas'd.
Besides, *Paransus*, here, can witness for me,
What agonizing Grief I did endure,
Soon as the Gust of Passion was blown o'er.

P A R A N S U S.

Believe me, Sir, Thought cannot paint
Or Tongue express the Pain, the mighty Pain,
Which then possess'd my Royal Master's Breast.
I fear'd the Burden wou'd too mighty grow,
And hurry him to do some desperate Deed
Against his Royal Self.

K I N G. [To MANDANA.

If there are still some Sparks of Pity left
Within your tender Breast, I beg you, Madam,
Return to Court.

M A N D A N A.

M A N D A N A.

Trust not your Heart, my Lord ; for much I fear
Its fatal Passion may again relapse.
Better it were, I think, that I remain
Far from the Court, in some obscure Retreat,
Retired, unseen by All.

K I N G.

Fear not, Madam ; it is quite extinguish'd :
For I have now espous'd the fair *Semandra*.
A Word from You, my *Albert*, might prevail.

P R I N C E.

If in all the Actions of my Life you find
But One to merit any Thing, I beg
You would reward it now by granting this Request,
Which is, you wou'd return with us to Court.

M A N D A N A.

It wou'd seem base Ingratitude in me
Shou'd I deny you, Sir, so small a Boon :
But my sad Heart tells me we shall repent it.
But since *Albertus* asks, vanish such Fears.
Lead me, O lead me then through dang'rous Paths ;
And, like my Guardian Angel, still protect me.

The End of the T H I R D A C T.

A C T the Fourth.

S C E N E the C O U R T.

Enter MANDANA and ELIZA.

M A N D A N A.

I Wonder much, *Eliza*, he's not come.

E L I Z A.

He promis'd me he wou'd be here e'er now.

M A N-

MANDANA

O hold my Heart, this last, this fatal Struggle!
O 'tis a Task might shake the firmest Constancy,
To part for ever from the Man I love!
How can I speak that cruel Word for EVER!

ELIZA

I fear, indeed, it will afflict him much.

MANDANA

I fear to too; but dare not sooth his Soul
With flatt'ring Hopes of my Return again.]
But, see, he comes.

[Enter the Prince.

PRINCE.

Ah! must I never view Thee, but in Tears?
Thou weep'st as if Thou'dst Cause of new Distress.

MANDANA

Alas, Sir, I have wond'rous Cause for Grief;
And Tears are now the small Relief I find.
It was at your Intreaty I return'd
To this unhappy Court; and now the King
Has dar'd to talk again to me of Love:
And when I urg'd the Guilt his Passion bore,
He only jested at his wild Desires.
Alas! I tremble at the very Thought!

PRINCE.

Fright not thy tim'rous Soul with such Ideas:
For sure good Angels will protect thy Virtue.
What think you, Madam, of a speedy Flight?
I will my self attend you through the World.

MANDANA

But where, O where can poor *Mandana* fly?
Where shall she find an hospitable Gate,
That

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That will receive her with her Load of Sorrow?
Happy I were was I, my Lord, but plac'd
In the adjacent Monastery : Wou'd you
Attend me at the Dead of Night to the Grove
Of Jessamine, I shou'd be blest indeed.

P R I N C E.

And vanish thus my Hopes of Happiness ?
And did you bid me live but to be wretched ?
O Princess ! O *Mandana* ! I conjure You,
By That tender Name, and all the Pangs I feel,
That you wou'd stay.

M A N D A N A.

Then wou'd you, Sir, that I shou'd run the Risque
Of his Passion, which no doubt wou'd ruin me ?
Think, how you behold me groveling on the Earth,
And ask your Heart, how it would bear that Sadness ?

P R I N C E.

I have an Uncle gladly would receive us,
With all the Tenderness of a kind Parent.
Wou'd you consent to go, we shou'd be happy.

M A N D A N A.

Sir, Happiness must never be my Lot.
Ah, no ! There is a Cause, a fatal Cause,
Which quite forbids all Happiness to Us ;
But since you are not willing to conduct me,
I hope good Heaven will be my constant Guide ;
Protect and shield me from all future Harm !

P R I N C E.

[Going.

O stay, nor leave me in this cruel Torture.
Think you not, Madam, that I will attend You ?
Yes, tho' it were to the Earth's farthest Verge.

But,

But, Madam, what imported your last Words?
Oft have you hinted darkly on that Theme.
Pray now explain, and let me know the worst.

M A N D A N A.

Forgive me, Sir, I have not Lei ure now.
I am all over trembling, and must haste
To make all ready for a quick Departure.
But e'er I go, you shall know more; 'till then,
Farewell.

[*Exeunt* MANDANA & ELIZA.

P R I N C E.

Farewel, thou lovely Maid! Unhappy *Albert*!

[*Exit.*

Enter KING and PARANSUS from behind the Scenes.

K I N G.

In this Discovery I'm fortunate.
It glads me much to have it in my Pow'r
'This well concerted Scheme of Theirs to frustrate.
I think they mention'd Midnight, my *Paran/us*.
Be sure thou take some Guards, and seize 'em both.
I shall my self be present. But inform me,
How fares the Queen? I doubt the Poyson's Strength.

P A R A N S U S.

My Lord, you know its Qualities are such,
To give no Mark suspicious of the Cause:
Yet am I sure, within a short Hour's Space,
She will be stretch'd beneath Death's Icy Hand.

K I N G.

Then I shall find no Bar to Happiness.
My Crown has surely Charms, tho' I have none;
And now let's haste to finish our Design.

[*Exeunt* KING & PARANSUS.

The

The Scene changes to a pleasant Grove.
Enter the PRINCE and MANDANA.

M A N D A N A.

That glimm'ring Lamp, which yonder Nightly burns,
 Will be my Guide unto the sacred Gate,
 Where I shall find Admittance, and be safe.

P R I N C E.

Stay yet a Moment, leave me not distress'd,
 Beyond what Human Nature can endure :
 For Death's no Ill compar'd to this sad Parting.

M A N D A N A.

And think you, Sir, I share not all your Sorrow ?
 It is not in the Power of Words to tell
 The mighty Anguish of my aking Heart.
 May you be happy in a fairer Bride !

P R I N C E.

And can you think so meanly of my Love,
 To think that I will stay when You are gone ?
 Yon neighb'ring Walls shall shroud me from the World.
 But, pray, remember, the last Time we parted,
 You promis'd to relate the fatal Cause.
 Fatal indeed to Us, and to Our Love.

[*MANDANA gives him a Paper seal'd.*

M A N D A N A.

Here, take this Paper, writ with my own Hand.
 There you may read the Cause of all our Mis'ry.
 But see the ruddy Streaks o'er yonder Hills
 Proclaim the Day ; the chearful Morning Lark,
 Upon yon Citer Tree, chides my Delay ;
 And says, I've stay'd too long.
 When I am gone, I beg you wou'd sometimes
 Think upon me ; think on the lost *Mandana* ;
 Who, to preserve her Virtue, did forego
 The dearest Thing on Earth. I mean my *Albert*.

D P R I N C E

[26]
P R I N C E.

Talk not so kindly ; rather give me Scorn :
That I cou'd bear. But ev'ry tender Word,
Which falls like Musick from thy charming Tongue,
Gives me more Torment than can be express'd.
O stay a little ; for I've much to say
Before we part, never to meet again !

M A N D A N A.

O I cou'd stay for ever ; ever hear Thee !
But 't must be done ! For shou'd I longer stay,
I shou'd forget all Rules of Decency,
And give a Loose to Sorrow. Oh !
It is impossible that I shou'd speak
That cruel Word for EVER !

[Enter the KING, PARANSUS, and Guards.

K I N G.

There stands the Traytor ; seize him straight,
And bear him hence to close Imprisonment.

[They disarm the Princ.

M A N D A N A, kneeling,

O hear me, Sir, an humble Suppliant
For Prince *Albertus* ! Give him Liberty ;
Then my sad Soul, inur'd to constant Woe,
Shall speak her Gratitude in Thanks to *Ajax*.

K I N G.

Arise, my Charmer ! On any other Theme
I cou'd for ever dwell upon Thy Speech :
But now Thy Pleading urges on his Fate.
Besides, he by base Art has vilely strove
To alienate my Subjects Duty from Me.

P R I N C E.

Base, false Pretence to justify his Wrong !

M A N

M A N D A N A.

Say, Shall these Tears prevail ?

K I N G.

Impossible.

M A N D A N A.

[*Rising.*

Cruel Tyrant ! Sure no human Parents
E'er gave thee Birth.

P R I N C E.

Cease, my Love, I can no longer bear
To hear such injur'd Goodness plead in vain.

M A N D A N A.

What charming Voice is that ? My *Albert's* !
Thy Virtue reconciles me to this Life,
And I can gaze with Transport.

P R I N C E.

Must We part ?

M A N D A N A.

But for a Moment : We shall meet again
In Heav'n in perfect Bliss, where no tyrannick *Ajax*
Can cross our Love, which there will be refin'd,
Pure as our Joys, to all Eternity.

K I N G.

Bear him hence.

[*Guards carry off the PRINCE.*
Why by the Crowd are We as Gods ador'd,
And not, like Gods, with 'vengeful Thunder stor'd ?
To dash the Slaves that dare oppose our Will,
And with a Frown, or Nod, like Lightning, kill.
That were to rule indeed, cou'd We bestow,
With 'vengeful Hand, our Punishments below,
Quickly as Heav'n does the fork'd Lightning throw. }

[28]
A C T the Fifth.

SCENE the COURT.

Enter the KING and PARANSUS.

P A R A N S U S.

WIng'd by my Loyalty, dread Sir, I come
To let you know the Danger you are in
By proud *Seraxis'* Treason, who comes on
The Leader of a dangerous Multitude.
Their Cry is Liberty for Prince *Albertus*.

K I N G.

But that I've Bus'ness now of greatest Moment,
I wou'd my self chastise the daring Slaves.
But that, my dear *Paranus*, be thy Task.
Offer Terms of Peace to All who will submit,
And Offer'd Mercy instantly accept.
Those who Resist give to the Soldiers Rage,
To warn Posterity against Rebellion.

P A R A N S U S.

Not that I fear, or wou'd excuse my self ;
But, Sir, I beg you to consider well.
I fear the Danger's more than you imagine.
SERAXIS, who is an *Epirot* born,
Has in his Country broach'd a strange Report,
Declaring, That their lawful **PRINCE** still lives.

K I N G.

Vain Suggestions, to inflame the Crowd.
But say, How bears our Brother his Confinement ?

P A R A N S U S.

Sometimes a Sigh breaks from his troubled Breast ;
But that is for the Princess, I believe :

For

For Death seems to him an indiff'rent Thing,
Or rather that they had been long acquainted.

K I N G.

Then my Revenge will have but half its Pleasure.
Thou shou'd'st indeed have flatter'd me, my *Paransus*,
And not have said he bore it with such Patience.
Yes, he shall die ; but pray now speak the Means.
A publick Death would be impracticable.

P A R A N S U S.

My Lord, I think the Bow-String were the best.
Then you may give it out he dy'd of Grief
For Loss of Liberty, or for the Princess.

K I N G.

Thou well advises ; see it quickly done.
Relying on thy oft-try'd Faith I go
With more Alacrity to execute
My other Bus'ness, which requires Dispatch.

Exeunt.

SCENE, *A Prison.* The PRINCE *alone.*

What is this Bugbear that affrights the World ?
To me it does not seem so terrible.
Death : What is Death ? A necessary Passage
For th' Soul to Bliss, if dress'd with Innocence.
But what most raises now my Wonder, is,
That Any, who, to save a wretched Life,
Can do base Actions ; when, perhaps, to Day,
Or the next Instant, may be snatch'd away.
A Random Shor, a Fall from off a Horse,
A Stone cast unawares from some dear Friend ;
How many various Ways of Providence
To humble Man, and lay him in the Dust !

Enter

Enter Captain of the Guards, with MANDANA veil'd.

C A P T A I N.

See, Madam, there's the PRINCE. [Exit.

[MANDANA discovers her self.]

P R I N C E.

O Ecstasy of Heart ! Transporting Joy !
What do I see ! What do my Eyes behold !
O no ; it cannot be ; it is her Spirit
That's come to chide me for this long Delay.
Pardon me some few Minutes, and I come
To that Eternal Rest where Happiness
Is only found.

M A N D A N A.

Am I so alter'd ? Has Grief chang'd me so,
To make me look like a poor wand'ring Shade ?
It is my self ; it is thy dear *Mandana*,
That's come to give thee Liberty, my *Albert*.
Ask not how, nor why ; but haste thee hence,
Whilst yet the Gate of Liberty stands ope',
Lest something happen to obstruct thy Passage,
And make me more unhappy than before.

P R I N C E.

And can it be ? Is it then possible,
That I am once more blest'd with Thy dear Sight ?
But say, How did'st Thou charm these stubborn Gates ?
How did'st Thou sooth the Guards to let Thee pass ?
How pale Thou look'st ! Alas, Thou trembl'st too.

M A N D A N A.

It is my Fears for Thee, and for thy Safety.
Why will you trifle thus ? O fly whilst yet
There's Possibility of your escaping.
See here the Charm which gave me Entrance,
[Shows a Signet.

[31]
And by whole Power you too may Safety find.
Why do you gaze, thus fix your Eyes on me,
As tho' you did behold a Prodigy ?

P R I N C E.

What do I see ! The Signet of the KING !

O Torture ! Sure, *Mandana* is not chang'd.

M A N D A N A.

And can *Alberto* harbour such a Thought ?
So mean, so low a Thought against my Virtue !
I think I cou'd behold us both condemn'd,
Be tortur'd on a Rack, tho' ev'ry Pang
We felt, were more, far more than Death,
Rather than yield to any base Desire.
Believe me, this is true ; then fly from hence,
Whilst yet you may be safe.

P R I N C E.

O how can I e'er hope for any Pardon :
But Thou can'st forgive ; and pray believe me,
It was Excess of Tenderness that caus'd
Those Doubts and Fears within me :
And, if I may without Offence still ask,
O say, How camest Thou by the Signet ?

M A N D A N A.

When we last parted, O the sad Remembrance !
The King in Hurry lost it ; and so gain'd,
Befriended by the Darknes of the Night,
Safely I did arrive at this sad Place,
Where I soon found easy Admittance ;
None daring to refuse or stop my Way,
Seeing the Signet ; which was such a Blessing
Wou'd have restor'd you Liberty : But now
My Fears too sadly tell me 'tis too late,
And we shall never, never meet again !

[Enter *TARASCUS* with *PARANUS* and Guards]

[32]
P A R A N S U S.

Where is this fair Distress'd ? this weeping Beauty ?
Ah, Madam, why do you leave Majesty
To shroud your Charms in these dark gloomy Mansions,
Where only Grief, Despair and Horror wait !
Whilst thousand Pleasures are by you neglected,
Ready to crown you with a mighty Greatness ?
For, lo ! the Royal *Ajax* has me sent
For to conduct you to his longing Arms.
Since now the Case is alter'd for the better,
You may receive his Crown and Love with Honour.

M A N D A N A.

Death sure wou'd be more welcome to *Mandana*.

[*Kneels to the Guards.*

O Sirs, if you have Daughters ; for their Sakes,
Who may, for ought you know, like me, be wretched ;
Do not convey me to the Tyrant's Power,
Which I dread more than Death.

P A R A N S U S.

Mind not her Tears, be deaf to all her Cries.
I charge you, by the King's most strict Command,
You bear her hence.
You, *Tarascus*, guard well your Prisoner,
And see the King's Commands be punctually obey'd.

[*Guards carry off* M A N D A N A.

P R I N C E *Exit* P A R A N S U S.

Why weeps *Tarascus* ? Do my Misfortunes move thee ?
Or is there still some fatal Tale of Woe.
Thou look'st as tho' thy fault'ring Tongue
Was loath to speak the Message which Thou bears.
What means that Paper ?

T A R A S C U S.

My Heart, believe me, bleeds to tell you, Sir.
It is an Order from His Majesty,
Strictly commanding me, on Pain of Death,
I see you strangled are the Sun arise :

And

And for this Purpose he has sent two Slaves,
Black as the Guilt they bear, to do the Deed.

P R I N C E.

'Tis well ; I thank thee, Tyrant.

Death could not come at a more welcome Time.

[*Enter a Messenger.*

M E S S E N G E R.

Captain, An aged Man, without the Gates,
Begs much to see the Prince ; his Name *Macillius*.

T A R A S C U S,

Admit him.

[*Exeunt Captain and Messenger,
and enter MACILLIUS.*

M A C I L L I U S.

Pardon my Intrusion :

I've something to impart concerns you nearly.

P R I N C E.

Speak freely, good *Macillius*.

M A C I L L I U S.

First, let me ask you, If you knew the Queen
Of the *Epirots*, the good *HONORIA* ?

P R I N C E.

Why do'st thou bring the dear, the sad Remembrance
To my perplexed Thoughts ? I knew her well.
Oft has she view'd me with a Parent's Eye ;
And, as she fondly gaz'd, wou'd weeping bless me.
I very well remember the sad Day,
Which parted her from this unhappy World.
Some Minutes e'er she dy'd, she sent for me ;
And, folding close her cold pale Hand with mine,
Wept on my Neck, and pray'd good Heaven to bless me ;
And with these tender Words she did expire.

M A C I L L I U S.

And that's no Wonder, Sir ; for you're her Son.

E P R I N C E.

P R I N C E.

What means *Macillius*?

M A C I L L I U S.

Nay, you will have indeed much Cause for Wonder,
When you shall hear the Tale I must relate.

“ *POLONIUS*, your Father, King of *Epirus*,
“ Refus’d to pay the usual Tribute to the *Spartan* King ;

“ And, trusting to his own weak Force, wag’d War :

“ But in the Heat of Battle he was slain.

“ The Queen made Captive, and yourself unborn ;

“ And led in Triumph to this hostile Court.

“ But as we pass’d along a dang’rous Bank,

“ It chanc’d the *Spartan* King had like been lost,

“ Had not a Gentleman plung’d into the Stream,

“ And hap’ly bore his Sov’reign safe to Shore.

“ At which the King, to shew his Gratitude,

“ Did swear before the Army present there,

“ To give him whatsoe’er he wou’d request.

“ *Mac* was attent to hear what he wou’d ask ;

“ But all were struck with Horror when they heard

“ His wicked Suit, to have your Life when born ;

“ Because your Father had in Battle slain

“ His only Son.

“ The *Spartan* King, by Nature merciful,

“ Was touch’d at this most barbarous Request ;

“ But, bound by Oath, he yielded his Consent.

“ The Queen, your Mother, without ceasing, wept.

“ At which the Queen of *Sparta* was so mov’d,

“ That she within her own Apartment lodg’d her.

“ She too herself being likewise great with Child,

“ It chanc’d they both did travail in one Hour,

“ And each was safe deliver’d of a Son.

“ The Queen of *Sparta*’s dy’d some Moments after :

" And She, so touch'd with Pity for your Mother,
 " To save your Life, receiv'd You in her Arms,
 " And nurs'd You for Her Own.
 " By Oath she bound me, when Occasion serv'd,
 " I should the long-kept secret Truth reveal,
 " Left *Sparta's* Crown an Alien should possess,
 " And her true Princes to a Stranger bow."

P R I N C E.

A thousand tender Circumstances crowd
 Fresh on my Mind, and tell me this is true.
 But if the Good *HONORIA* was my Mother,
 Why did she not to Me reveal the Secret?
 Why did she not, before she dy'd, *Macilius*!
 That I my filial Duty might have paid
 To Her, so good, so kind a Parent?

M A C I L L I U S.

It was her Fears for You, and for your Safety,
 Made Her a Mother's Pleasure to forego,
 Left your rash Youth might ruin her Design.
 But I have one Proof more, and then I've done.
 Know You this Diamond? [*Shewing a Diamond.*]

P R I N C E.

No more, *Macilius*, I am convinc'd;
 Fully convinc'd, that All thou speak'st is Truth.
 One Day, as I was walking with the Queen,
 She shew'd it me. " Mark it, said she, my Prince,
 (For so she usually was wont to call me)
 " That the next Time you see it you may know it:
 " And pray believe the MAN that then shall shew it.
 " Believe what he shall tell you then is true.
 " I know the Words that are thereon engrav'd:
 " 'Tis, *HEAV'N PRESERVE MY SON.*"

36
M A C I L L I U S.

The same ; and now I have discharg'd the Trust
With me repos'd, my Heart is more at Ease.
But why, my Prince, wear you so sad a Look ?
The brave *Seraxis*, Sir, is up in Arms,
Resolv'd to conquer for You, or to dye.

P R I N C E.

He must be speedy, or he comes too late.
For sure the Captain Orders has receiv'd,
To see Me strangl'd e'er to Morrow's Sun.

M A C I L L I U S.

Heav'n has, I hope, a better Fate in Store
For You ; and cou'd we gain a little Time,
Things wou'd be better ; let us try, my Prince.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the **COURT.**

Enter the **KING** *and* **PARANSUS**, *meeting.*

K I N G.

Where hast thou lodg'd the Treasure of my Heart ?

P A R A N S U S.

Within her own Apartment.

K I N G.

Are all the Doors secured ?

P A R A N S U S.

Ev'ry Thing is safe. [*Enter a Gentleman.*

G E N T L E M A N.

Royal Sir, the City's all in Tumult.

Seraxis heads the dang'rous Multitude,
Which as they pass along do much increase.
It is reported, they have forc'd the Prison,
And given the **P R I N C E** his Liberty.

K I N G.

Haste thee, *Paransus* ; stop this Rebel Rout.
Take all my Guards lest thou shou'd'st want for Aid,
Whilst I pursue the Dictates of my Passion.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to MANDANA's Apartment.

MANDANA rising from Reading.

M A N D A N A.

It is indeed a mournful Tale, *Eliza* ;
And well, I think, adapted to my Case.
Hark ! What Noise is that ? O my sad Fears !
It is the KING ! [Enter King.

M A N D A N A.

What brings you here, my Lord, at this late Hour ?
An Hour design'd by Nature, Sir, for Rest
To all, but Wretches torn with Grief like me.

K I N G.

I come, my Love, to chace all Sorrow from thee ;
To dry thy Tears ; nay, prithee, do not frown.
I come to offer Love and Empire here ;
To lay the Crown of *Sparta* at thy Feet.
Accept it with the Greatness that it brings ;
And may'st Thou wear it very long with Glory.

M A N D A N A.

That is a Gift you have no Pow'r to offer ;
Nor I have any Right, Sir, to receive.
Have you forgot the Queen ?

K I N G.

Forgot her, said'st Thou ? She is now no more.
Nor is there any Bar to cross our Love.
The Road of Bliss lies open to our View.
Then let us gently tread the pleasing Path,
That leads to Happiness and sweet Delight.

M A N D A N A.

Is the QUEEN then Dead ?
O poor *Semandra* ! how I grieve for you
I fear the Thread of your unhappy Life
Was cut by this false Man.

K I N G.

Whate'er was done, believe me, charming Fair,
'Twas All for Thee, for Thy dear Sake.

Then

Then cease to grieve, my Fair !
 Thy too nice Virtue wou'd not let Thee yield
 To Happinels ; but Death was far more kind,
 And has remov'd her hence : Then dry thy Tears,
 And bless me with thy Smiles.

M A N D A N A.

And dare thou, Tyrant, own thy Cruelty ?
 Yet think not that I'll yield to thy Desire.
 If e'er I do, may Wretchedness o'ertake me,
 And I sink low even beneath thy Scorn.

K I N G.

You wou'd not talk thus to my Brother, Madam.
 All you can do's too little for his Love.

M A N D A N A.

That I do love Him, witness all good Angels
 But with a Flame so pure, and so refin'd,
 As Cloyster'd Virgins need not blush to own.

K I N G.

The Boon I crave is not of such a Nature,
 To cause a Blush upon thy beauteous Cheek.
 What I now ask is honourable Love,
 And that the Priest may make Thee mine for ever.

M A N D A N A.

That is impossible ; for I have sworn
 Never to wed with *Ajax*, or his Race.
 What hinders Thee forbids my Love to *Albert* ;
 And when I break my Vow -----

K I N G.

Since then the Crown of *Sparta* has no Charms
 To tempt thee to consent, I must use Force,
 Nay, prithee, be not coy. [Struggles with her,
 This Way, my Fair ! Here is a Place delightful.

[Pulling her to the Door.

M A N D A N A.

Unhand me, Ravisher !

[Calling out.

K I N G

K I N G.
 Forbear to call; for none are near to aid thee.
 Yield to my Love, or by the Pangs I feel

[MANDANA, kneeling.]
 If you have not thrown off Humanity,
 Look on me with Compassion! View my Tears!

O spare my Virtue! Do not stain its Fame!

Turn me a naked Wand'rer out again!

It matters not, so I may close my Eyes

A spotless Maid. **[A Noise of breaking open the**

K I N G. **[Doors within.]**

Confusion! **[The Doors fly open. Enter the**

PRINCE and SERAXIS.

Villains! Traytors! Am I betrayed?
 What, ho, Parafus!

S E R A X I S.

Call not that worthless Man, for he's no more.

Sent by your Orders to quash the Mutiny,

He met his Fate: But e'er the Villain dy'd,

He own'd he by your Orders poyson'd the Queen.

PRINCE.

Is this the **K I N G**, renown'd for Cruelty,
 And injuring helpless Beauty?

M A N D A N A.

Is such a Blessing granted to my Eyes,

Once more to view Thee, and again at Liberty?

But say by what kind Miracle art thou

Thus free? For 'tis miraculous

To see Thee thus in Safety! O inform me

To what kind gen'rous Hand I owe my Thanks?

PRINCE.

'Tis brave **S E R A X I S** claims them.

He merits more than ever we can pay.

His gen'rous Arm not only gives me Liberty,

But puts me in Possession of thy Sweetness.

M A N D A N A.

Bless him, good Heav'n! with Health and Length of Days;

And to reward Him add both Peace and Plenty.

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And, when the Time shall come to be no more,
Wait him ye Angels to Eternal Bliss,
Where he may Reign in Happiness for ever.
And now what hinders but I quickly haste
To the neighb'ring Monastery, where I in Peace
May spend the Remnant of my future Days.

P R I N C E.

What means my Love ?

M A N D A N A.

I need not now repeat the fatal Cause
Of this sad Separation ; the Paper, Sir,
Informs you.

P R I N C E.

It tells me, Thou hast sworn never to wed
With *Ajax*, or any of his Race ;
But what is that to Me, my Love ? For I
Am not of that unhappy Line.

M A N D A N A.

Not of *Ajax* Line ! Who art Thou then ?
Make That but plain, and I am blest'd indeed.

P R I N C E.

The Story is too long to tell thee now :
Be satisfy'd I'm not of *Ajax* Race ;
But Son of Brave *POLONIUS*, late King
Of *Epirus*.

*In Imitation of whose Royal Virtues,
And shew the World I'm worthy of the Race,
From which I have the Honour to descend,
I freely can forgive the Wrongs I've felt,
And spare a Foe already in my Power.
So when in Fight the Lyon shews his Pow'r,
The silent Forest trembles at his Roar.
But when the gen'rous Beast has won the Day,
And vanquish'd Savages do prostrate lay,
His Rage becalm'd, he silent stalks away,
Disdaining to insult th' inglorious Prey.*

F I N I S.

The Subscribers Names.

Under the Letter

A.

Mrs. Dorothy Abram.
 Mrs. Bright Ackworth.
 Captain Adams.
 Miss A D A M S.
 Mrs. Allat.
 Mr. Allen.
 ANONYMOUS, 9 Books.
 Mrs. Archer.
 Mr. Benjamin Atkinson.
 Mr. Ayreton.
 Mrs. Ayscough.

Under B.

MR. Bacchus.
 Mr. Henry Bacon.
 The Reverend Dr. Baker.
 Mrs. Baker.
 Mrs. Banks.
 ALDERMAN BARNET.
 Mr. Benjamin Barstow.
 Mrs. Barstow.
 Mrs. Bathurst.
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